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**The Tudor Facsimile Texts**

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# A Play of Love

MADE BY JOHN HEYWOOD

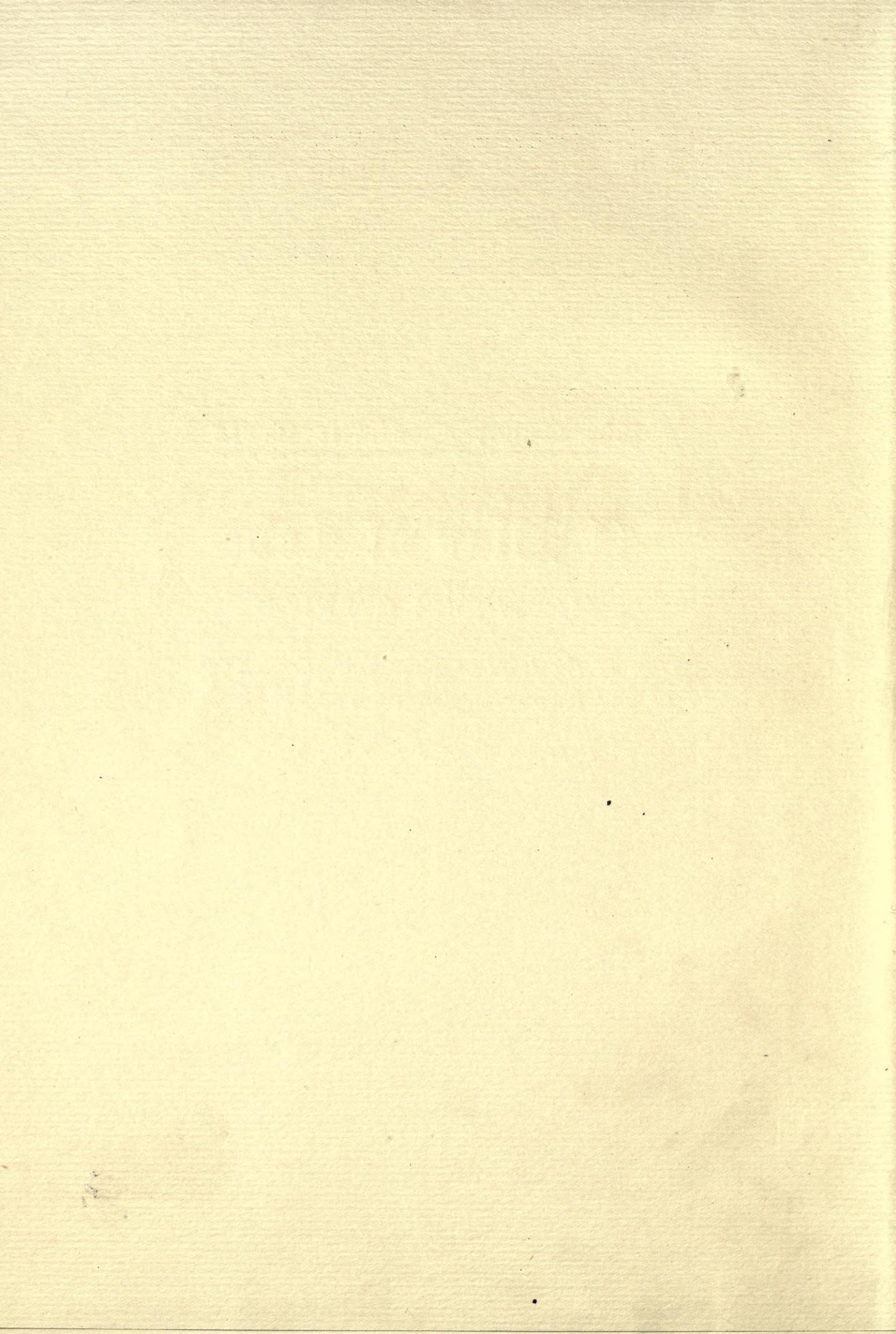
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# Play of Love

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 43]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# A Play of Love

MADE BY JOHN HEYWOOD

1534

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# A Play of Love

MADE BY JOHN HEYWOOD

"*A Play of Love*" completes the list of interludes known to be written by, and also those attributed to, John Heywood. All are included in "The Tudor Facsimile Texts." When Hazlitt compiled his "Bibliography of Old English Literature," only one copy of this play was scheduled as extant. It was, moreover, imperfect; and of a later edition than the present one, having been printed by Waley between 1547-58. Since then earlier impressions, printed in 1533 and 1534 by the brother-in-law of the author, Wm. Rastell, have been discovered. Of these, two copies, one of each date, are at present known.

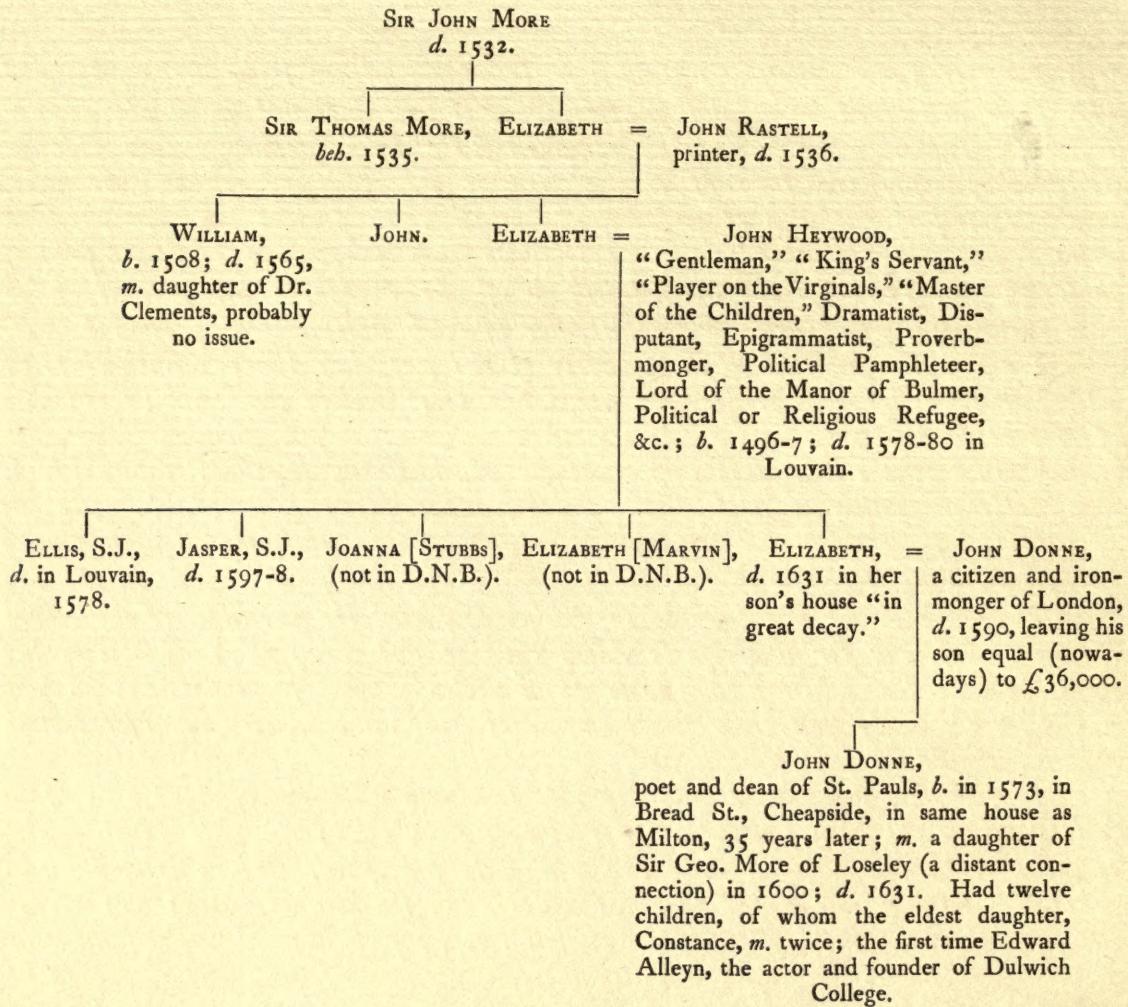
I am again indebted to the courtesy of the Pepysian Library authorities at Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permission to reproduce their unique example of this early interlude.

Pasted in the Magdalene original on A. i. verso (back of title-page) is a portrait engraving of Samuel Pepys: otherwise the page is blank. As one of the special features of this series is to show originals as thoroughly as may be as they actually exist to-day, the portrait is retained. In truth, as we are indebted to the jovial secretary to the Admiralty and the president of the Royal Society of his day for a uniquely dated copy of "*A Play of Love*," it is not unfitting that his industry and taste as a collector, and his consequent connection with the early and later developments of English literature, indirect though this be, should be thus perpetuated.

Mr. R. B. Fleming, contrasting this facsimile with the original copy, says that "taking the book generally the result is very good; the only real 'fault' is the blurred patches, and these are trifling in any page. There is a stain on the lower half of all pages, most pronounced on the outside edges; this occurs all through the book." Particular criticism is as follows:—

- (1) Title-page, this is much discoloured, specially the edges.
- (2) [A. j.] verso, the portrait is a very good reproduction of the original.
- (3) B. iiij. and [iiij.] verso, are somewhat blurred, particularly the latter. The same "fault" occurs on lower half of [C. iiij.] verso and [D. iiij.] verso.
- (4) C. j. and C. ij. verso, [C. iiij.] recto and verso, and on E. iiij. recto, the type shows through very much in the original, which is very "foxey" in places.

I have more than once referred to the fresh light recent research has thrown on the career and social status of John Heywood. Hitherto little indeed has been known, though conjecture was rife. Naturally, in the very circumscribed space now at my disposal, I can supply little more than the baldest sketch of some of the lines of recent inquiry; and I must perforce omit all detail, with many points also altogether untouched. I trust what follows will be of interest; and, for the rest, I can only refer to my forthcoming volume on the subject.



Two points I must premise: in the first place when I approached the subject nearly four years ago I was struck by the slavish fashion in which many writers on English literature followed the same track, copying from and quoting one another. This, combined with the utter paucity, apparently, of original research led me, in the second place, to jot down the known facts of Heywood's record. With these as my starting-point I planned the assault and sack of every possible source of additional knowledge of the man, his times, his circle, and his work; whether from documents, associations, chance references, or any

other likely quarry. In this connection Heywood's flight and residence in the Low Countries obviously suggested inquiry abroad. Seeking advice of Professor Bang of Louvain University as to some one competent to undertake such research, I was astonished to be informed that the work had "already been done" in Malines, Louvain, and Antwerp; that the result would be related in "*Englische Studien*"; and that I was welcome to the use of the new material. I am, therefore, indebted to this source for somewhat that follows (Band 38, 2, 234).

The most important discovery is that Heywood's social status was much superior and more assured than is generally supposed. The evidence of actual descent is not yet complete; but, as regards the social standing of his relatives and connections, his known and probable friends and acquaintances, his children and his grandchildren, the Table on page vi is suggestive. I must, however, leave many interesting side-lights unremarked for the time being, with one exception: Heywood and his wife were of sufficient standing and close enough intimates of the Mores to be specially mentioned as informed of the comment of the Emperor Charles on Sir Thomas More's execution.

Other points of particular interest on which new light has been thrown, or in respect to which inquiry is still in progress, relate to his place of birth, his university career (he probably went as early as fourteen—as did Wolsey and Udall; while his grandson, John Donne, went to Oxford when only eleven), his going to Court, his actual position there (it would appear he was musical tutor to the Princess Mary—a fact which explains much—and afterwards was associated with the Princess Elizabeth), the period of his literary activity, his advancement under Queen Mary, the connection between "*The Spider and the Fly*" and the Queen's grant of Bulmer (of which the Duke of Leeds is the present lord of the Manor), the probable date and companions of his flight to the Low Countries in the early days of Elizabeth, Wm. Rastell's will (in which Heywood's children chiefly benefited) and its connection with the family property in England, his children, grandchildren, and other descendants, &c.

I can only find further space to briefly narrate the newly discovered facts concerning his declining years. It was already known that in 1575 (April 8) he wrote to Burghley from Malines ("where I have been despoiled by Spanish and German soldiers of the little I had"), thanking him for ordering his arrears from his land at Romney to be paid to him, and speaking of himself as "an old man of seventy-eight"; also that in a list of refugees (dated Jan. 29, 1576) he is mentioned—"John Heywood, Gent. of Kent" (Egerton Papers, 63-5). This is supplemented by the following extracts from a contemporary manuscript (in French) by Father Droueshout, S.J., entitled "*History of the Society of Jesus at Antwerp*." I omit for the present all but the most salient facts:

"In 1573 Elizæus [Heywood] S.J., proceeded from England to Antwerp to discuss matters with the magistrate of the city. The General of the Company (Society of Jesus) allowed him to continue to reside in Antwerp, where his knowledge of several languages made him very useful. [D.N.B. says he became spiritual father and preacher in the house at Antwerp.] Elizæus' father then lived at Malines; persecuted for the faith,

he had come from England and settled himself there. His son, the Jesuit, went to see him and console him. That, however, interfered with his work, and it was for this reason that Father Mercurian, General of the Society [of Jesuits], authorised the fathers in residence at Antwerp to admit to the College, with lodging and separate table, Elizæus' father, 'that worthy old man,' 'your venerable father.' This admission took place in 1576.

"When the troubles broke out at Antwerp in 1578, the Jesuits decided to send to Cologne 'those of us who would find it most difficult to save themselves by flight. We despatched to begin with John Heywood, the old octogenarian, with one of our number [un de nos religieux] to accompany him and conduct him to that town,' but he was stopped at the gates of the city, and the partisans of Mathias and the States compelled him to return to the College, whence 'none might go out before they were all alike chased out.' [April 1578.]

"The criminal oath, which it was sought to impose on all the religieux (to acknowledge the Pacification of Ghent and to fight against the Spaniards), being refused by the Jesuits, on the day of Pentecost their College was broken into and sacked, all the Fathers being made prisoners, including John and Elizæus [Heywood]. They were conducted together to the Bierhofd gate to be sent by water to Malines. Mathias and [the Prince of] Orange held different views as to violence.

"[The Prince of] Orange sent a courier to Malines so that the magistrates might keep the prisoners outside the gates, and secretly sent sixty horsemen to await them and kill them. The Jesuit prisoners, while on the water, addressed themselves to Mathias, who, desirous of saving them, sent beforehand to the commandant at Lierre to proceed to Malines, with a sufficient escort, to render assistance to the prisoners, and to send a courier to Louvain to Don Juan [the Spanish commander] for him to do the same, to meet the Fathers midway between Malines and Louvain.

"The prisoners arrived at Malines, and were forthwith condemned to be expelled. At half-past six in the evening, a few minutes before their expulsion, the escort arrived from Lierre. They met the Franciscans, also driven out of Antwerp. The escort of Don Juan was at its post, and all triumphantly entered Louvain on the 26th May 1578.

"The two Heywoods were benefactors of the Society [of Jesus]."

The year 1578 probably saw the end of Heywood's earthly pilgrimage, an old man of eighty-one: his son Ellis died the same year, as also did William Roper, his life-long friend. His son, Jasper, survived till 1597-8, whilst Elizabeth Donne lived well into the next century, till 1631, dying only about three months before her celebrated son, the poet and Dean of St. Pauls.

This inquiry once reopened has already proved fruitful of results, and there are many signs that before long the materials for a really satisfactory biography will be available. Here, as I have already insisted, I can but barely refer to a small portion of the new evidence even now to hand, and reiterate that research is proceeding actively in several directions.

JOHN S. FARMER.









O'rd'ry Newe yere  
21<sup>st</sup> Maye

# A play of loue, ¶ A newe and a

mery enterlude concerningyng plea-  
sure and Payne in loue,  
made by Iohn

Heywood.

Thomas Skeffmgto  
The players  
names.

A man a louer not beloued.  
A woman beloued not louyng.  
A man a louer and beloued.  
The vyse nother louer nor beloued.

W

R







The louer not beloued.

**L**O syr, who so that loketh here for curtesy  
And seth me semme as one pretendyng none  
But as vnthought vpon thus sodenly  
Approcheth the myddys amoneg you euerychone  
And of you all seyth nought to any one.  
May thynke me rewde perceyuyng of what sorte  
ye semme to be, and of what stately po:te.

But I beseche you in most humble wyse  
To dmytte dyspleasure and pardon me  
My maner is to muse and to deuyse  
So that some tyme my selfe may cary me  
My selfe knowyth not where, and I asure ye  
So hath my selfe done nowe, for our lo:de wot  
where I am, or what ye be, I knowe not.

Or whence I am, or whyther I shall  
All this in maner as vniknownen to me  
But eyn as fortune guydet my fote to fale  
So wander I, yet where so euer I be  
And whom o: howe many so euer I se  
As one person to me is euerychone  
So every place to me but as one.

And for that one persone every place seke I  
which one ones founde I fynde of all the rest  
Not one myssyng, audin the contrary  
That one absent, though that there were here prest  
All the creatures lyuyng most and lest  
yet lacking her I shulde and euer shall  
Be as alone syns she to me is all.

And alone is she without comparyson  
Consernyng the gylts gryvn by nature  
In fauour faynes and po:te as of person  
No lyke beryth the lyke of that creature  
Nor no tonge can attayne to put in vre  
Her to dyscreue, for howe can wo:des expres  
That thyng the full wherof no thought can ges.

And as it is thyng inestymable  
To make reporte of her bewty fully  
So is my loue towarde her vnable  
To be reportyd as who seyth ryghtly

For my soole seruyce and loue to that lady  
Is gyuen vnder such haboundant fashyon  
That no tonge therof can make ryght relashyon.

Wherin I suppose this well supposed  
Unto you all, that syns she perceyuing  
As much of my loue as can be dysclosed  
Cwyn of very ryght in recompensyng  
She ought for my loue agayne to be louyng  
For what moxe ryght to graunt when loue loue requireth  
Then loue for loue, when loue nougħt els desyreteth

But eyn as farre wurs as otherwyse then so  
Standē I in case in maner desperate  
No tyme can tyme my swot to ease my wo  
Before none to etely and all tymes els to late  
Thus tyme out of tyme mystymeth my rate  
For tyme to bryng tyme to hope of any grace  
That tyme tymyth no tyme in any tyme o; place.

Wherby tylly tyme haue tyme so farre extyncte  
That deth may determyne my lyfe thus dedly  
No tyme can I reste alas I am so lyncte  
To greues both so greate and also many  
That by the same I say and wyl veryfy  
Of all paynes the moste incomparabile Payne  
Is to be a louer not louyd agayne.

The woman belouyd not lo-  
uyng entreth.

Belouyd not louyng.

Sy; as touchyng thosse wodes of comparyson  
whiche ye haue seyd and wolde semeto veryfye  
If it may please you to stande therupon  
Hearyng and answeryng me paciently  
I doubt not by the same incontynently  
your selfe to see by wodes that shall ensue  
The contrary of your wodes veryfyed for true.

Louer not loued

Fayre lady pleasyth it you to repayre nere  
And in this cause to shewe cause reasonable  
Wherby cause of reformacyon may appere  
Of reason I muste and wylbe reformable  
Well syns ye pretende to be confymable  
To reason, in auoydying circumstaunce  
Brefely by reason I shall the truthe auance.

ye be

Louyd not louyng

ye be a louer no whyt louyd agayne  
And I am louyd of whom I loue no thyng  
Then standyth our question betwene these twaynes  
Of louyng not louyd, or louyd not louyng  
which is the case moste paynfull in sufferyng  
wherto I saye that the moste Payne doth moue  
To thole belouyd of whome they can not loue

Louer not louyd. Those wordes approued lo, myght make a chaunge  
Of myne opinion / but verely  
The case as ye put it I thynke more straunge  
Then true, for though the belouyd party  
Can not loue agayne, yet possybly  
Can I not thynke, nor I thynke never shall  
That to be louyd can be any Payne at all.

Belouyd not louyng. That reason perceyvd and receyvd for trouth  
From proper comparyson sholde clere confounde me  
Betwene Payne & no Payne, no such comparyson growth  
Then or I can on comparyson grounde me  
To pouue my case paynfull ye haue fyfth bounde me  
To which syns ye dynue me by your denyall  
Marke what ensueth before ferther tryall.

I saye I am louyd of a certayne man  
whom for no lewt I can fauour agayne  
And that haue I tolde hym syns his lewt began  
A thousand tymes but euery tyme in hayne  
For never sealseth his tonge to complayne  
And euer one tale whiche I never can flee  
For euer in maner where I am is he.

Nowe if you to here one thyng every where  
Contrary to your appetyte sholde be led  
were it but a mouse lo sholde pepe in your ere  
Or alway to harpe on a cust of bred  
Howe coulde you lyke such harpyng at your hed  
Somewhat dyspleaunt it were I not deny  
Then somewhat paynfull as well seyd say I

Dyspleaute and Payne be thynges soyltly aners  
For as it is dyspleaunt in Payne to be  
So it is paynfull in dyspleaute to be vexed  
Thus by dyspleaute in Payne ye confes me  
Wherby syns ye part of my Payne do see  
In my ferther Payne I shall nowe declare

A.iii, That

That Payne by whyche with your Payne I compare.

Smale were the quantyte of my paynfull smerte  
Yf hys iangelynge percyd no further then myne erys  
But thorough myne erys dyrectly to myne harte  
Percyth his wodys eynlyke as many spetys  
By whyche I haue spent so many and suche terys  
That were they all red as they be all whyte  
The blood of my harte had be gone or thys quyte

And almoste in case as though it were gone  
Am I except hys lewt take end shoxely  
For it doth lyke me eynlyke as one  
Shold offer me seruyce most humbly  
wyth an axe in hys hande, contynually  
Beschyng me gentilly that thys myght be sped  
To graunte hym my good wyll to stryke of my hed

I alledge for generall thys one symlytude  
Auoydyng rchersale of paynes partyculer  
To abreueate the tyme and to exclude  
Surplusage of wodes in thys our mater  
By whyche ensaumple yf ye consydere  
Ryghtly my case at lest wyse ye may see  
My Payne as paynfull as your Payne can bee.

And yet for shorther end put case that your Payne  
Were oft tymes more sharpe and sore in degré  
Then myne ys at any tyme yet wyll I proue playne  
My Payne at lenght suffycyent to match ye  
whiche profe to be true your selfe shall agre  
yf your affeccyon in that I shall resyght  
May suffer your reason to vnderstande ryght

You stand in plesure hauyng your loue in syght  
And in her absens hope of syght agayne  
Keþþ mosþ tymeþ possesyon of some delyght  
Thus haue you oft tymeþ some way easē of Payne  
And I never no way for when I do remayne  
In hys presens, in dedly Payne I soloȝne  
And aduent, halfe ded in feare of hys retourne

Hys presens doþ absens absenteth my Payne  
But alway the same to me is present  
And that by presens and hope of presens agayne  
Ther doþ appere myche of your tyme spent

Out of





Out of Payne, me thynke this consequent  
That my Payne may well by meane of the length  
Compare with your shorther Payne of more strength

Louer not loued.

Maystres if your long Payne be no stronger  
Then is your longe reason agaynst my shorte Payne  
ye lacke no lycklyhod to lyue much longer  
Then he that wolde stryke of your hed so fayne  
yet leſt ye wolde note me your wordes to dysdayne  
I am content to agree for a season  
To graunt and enlarge your latter reason

Amytte by her presens halfe my tyme pleasaunt  
And all your tyme as paynfull as in case can be  
yet your Payne to be most ,reason wyl not graunt  
And for ensample I put case that ye  
Stood in colde water all a day to the kne  
And I halfe the same day to myd leg in the fyre  
wolde ye chaunge places with me for the dypere

Loued not louyng.

Louer not loued.

Nay that wolde I not be ye assuered  
Forsooth and my Payne aboue yours is as yll  
As fyre aboue water thus to be endewred  
Came my Payne but at tymes and yours contynue styll  
yet shold myne many weys to whome can skyll  
Shewe yours, in comparyson betwene the twayne  
Skantly able for a shadowe to my Payne

Felt ye but one pang such as I fele many  
One pang of dyspayre, or one pang of desyre  
One pang of one dyspleaunt loke of her eye  
One pang of one worde of her mouth as in yе  
Or in restraint of her loue whch I requyze  
One pang of all these felt ones in all your lyfe  
Sholde quayle your opynyon and quench all our stryfe

which panges I say admitteth short as ye lyft  
And all my tyme besyde pleasaunt as ye please  
yet coulde not the shorthenes the sharppnes so refyst  
The percyng of my hatte in the leſt of all these  
But much it ouermatheth all your dysease  
For as whyt in effecte is your case dyspleaunt  
But to deny a thyng whch ye lyft not to graunt  
Or to here a leſter by dayly peticyon  
In humble maner as wyt can deuyse

Requyze

Requyre a thong so standyng in condylshyon  
Is na porcyon of all his enterprise  
Without your consent can sped in any wyse  
This lewt thus attempted neuer so long  
Doubt ye no deth tyll your Payne be more strong

Nowe syng in this mater betwene vs dysputed  
Myne admittance of your wodes notwithstanding  
I haue thus fully your part confuted  
What can ye say nowe I come to denyeng  
Your princlyce, graunted in my foresayeng  
Whch was this, by the presens of my lady  
I graunted you halfe my tyme spent pleasauntly

Although myne affeccyon ledyth me to consent  
That her selde presens is my celeste onely  
yet as in reason appereth all my torment  
Byd by her presens and marke this cause why  
Before I sawe her I felt no malydy  
And syng I sawe her I neuer was fre  
From twayne the greatest paynes that in loue be

Delyre is the fyrt vpon my fyrt syght  
And despayre the nexte vpon my fyrt lewt  
For vpon her fyrt answeare hope was put to flyght  
And neuer came syng in place to dyspewt  
Nowe bryngeth then her presens to me any frewt  
For hopeles and helpeles in flames of delyre  
And droppes of despayre I smolder in fyre

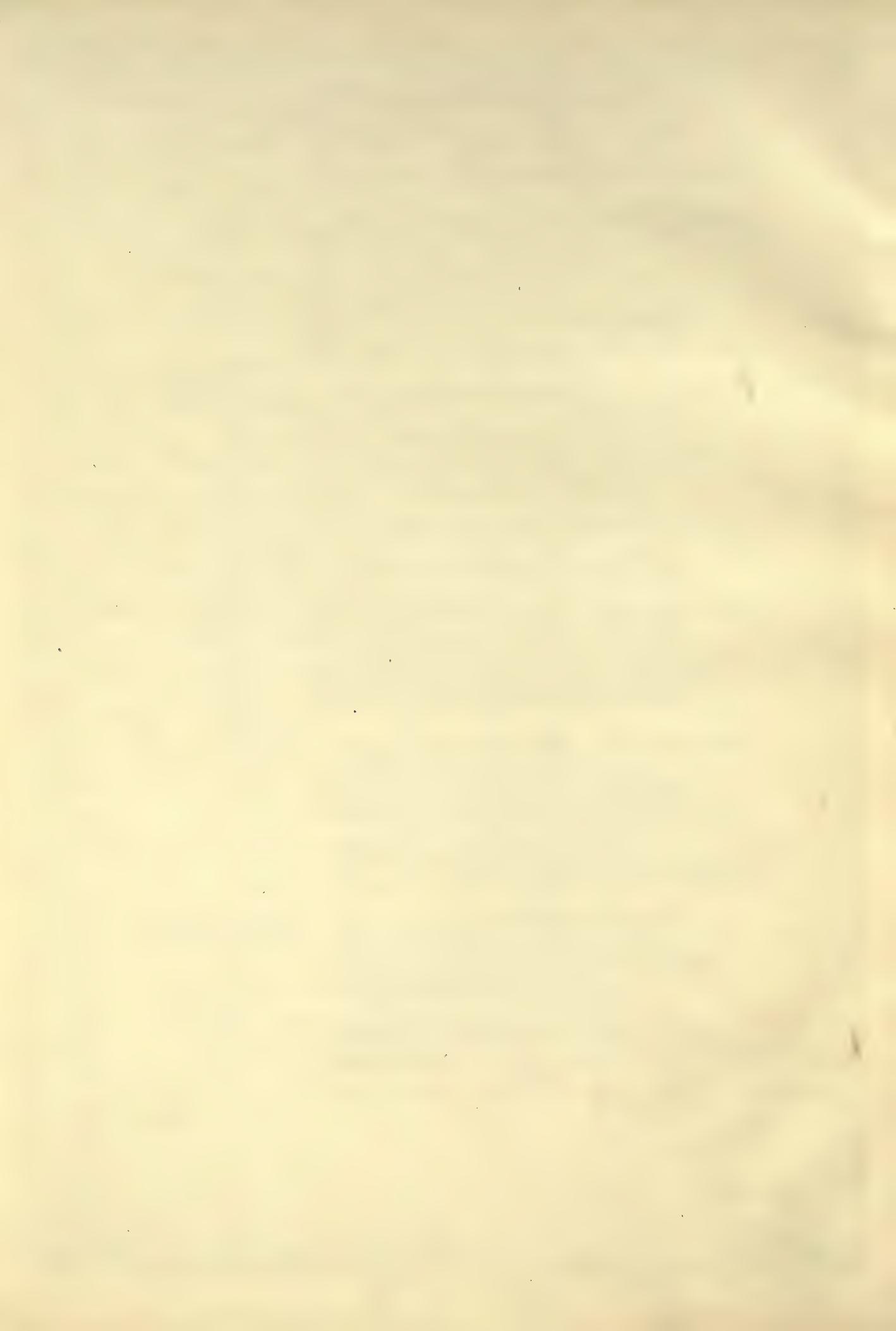
These twayne beyng endeles syng they began  
And both by the presens of her wholly  
Begon and contynued, I wonder if ye can  
Speke any wode more, but yelde ymmedately  
For had I no mo paynes but these, yet clerely  
A thousande tymes more is my grefe in these twayne  
Then yours in all the case by whch ye complayne

Loued not louyng.

That ls as ye say but not as I suppose  
Soz as the creuth is, which your selke myght se  
By reasons that I coulde and wolde dysclose  
Sauyng that I see such parcyalyte  
On your parte, that we shall neuer agre  
Unlesse ye wyll admitt some man indyfferent  
Indyfferently to heare vs, and so gyue iudgement.

Agred,





Louer not loued. Agred, For though the knowledge of all my Payne  
Eale my Payne no whyt yet shall it declare  
Great cause of abashement in you to complayne  
In counterfet paynes with my Payne to compare  
But here is no iudge mete, we must seke elles where  
I holde me content the same to condiscende  
Please it you to set forth and I shall attend.

Louyd not louyng.

Here they go both out and the louer be-  
louyd entreth with a songe.

Louer belouyd:

By comen experyence who can deny  
In possibylite for man to shewe  
His inward entent, but by sygnes outwardly  
As wrytyng, speche, or countenaunce, wherby doth growe  
Outward perceyuyng inwardly to knowe  
Of every secrecy in mans brest wrought  
Fro man vnto man the effecte of eche thought

These thynges well weyd in many thynges shewe nede  
In our outward sygnes to shewe vs so that playne  
Accordyng to our thoughtes/wordes and sygnes procede  
For in outward sygnes where men are sene to fayne  
what credence in man to man may remayne  
Mans inward mynde with outward sygnes to fable  
May sone be more comen than commendable.

Much are we louers then to be commendyd  
For loue his apparence dyssembleth in no wyse  
But as the harte felyth lyke sygnes alway pretendyd  
who fayne in apparence are loues mortall enmyes  
As in dyspayr of spede who that can myght deuyse  
Or hauyng graunt of grace can shewe them as morners  
Such be no louers but eyn very skorners.

The true louers harte that can not obteyne  
Is so tormentyd that all the body  
Is evermore so compelde to complayne  
That soner may the sufferer hyde the fury  
Of a seruent feuer, then of that malady  
By any power humayne he posseyble may  
Hyde the leste Payne of a thousande I dare say.

And he who in louyng hath lot to suche lucke.  
That loue for loue of his loue be founde  
Shalbe of power eyn as easly to plucke  
The mone in a momet with a synger to grounde

B.i. As of

As of his ioy to enclose the rebounde  
But that the resleccion therof from his harte  
To his beholders shall syne in eche parte

Thus be a louer in ioy or in care  
All though wyl and wyt his estate wolde hyde  
yet shall his semblaunce as a dyale declare  
Howe the clocke goeth which may be well applyed  
In abygement of circumstaunce for a guyed  
To leade you in fewe wordes by my byhauour  
To knowe me in grace of my ladyes fauour.

For beyng a louer as I am in dede  
And therto dysposyd thus pleasauntly  
Is a playne apparence of my such spede  
As I in loue cowld wyl and vndoubtedly  
My loue is requyted so louyngly  
That in every thyng that may delyght my mynde.  
My wyt can not wyl he it so well as I fynde

which thyng at full consydred, I suppose  
That all the whole woldē must agree in one voyce  
I beyng beloued as I nowe disclose  
Of one beyng chefe of all the hole choyce  
Must haue incomparable cause to rejoyce  
For the hyest pleasure that man may obtaine  
Is to be a louer beloued agayne

Another louer nor loued entreth

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

Nowe god you good ewyn mayster woodcock  
Cometh of rudenesse or lewdenesse that mock

Come wherof it shall ye come of such stock

That god you good ewyn mayster woodcock.

This losell by lyke hath lost his wyt

May nay mayster woodcock not a whyt

I haue knownen you for a woodcock or this

O; els lyke a woodcock I take you a mys

But though for a woodcock ye deny the same

yet shall your wyt wytnes you mete for that name.

Nowe soe.

Thus lo.

I do perceyue by your formare proces.

That ye be a louer wherto ye confes

your selfe beloued in as louyng wyle

As by wyt and wyll ye can wylle to deuyse

Conclu-





Ccludingyng therin determinately  
That of all pleasures plesaunt to the body  
The hyest pleasure that man may obtaine  
Is to be a louer beloued agayne  
In which conclusyon before all this flock  
I shall proue you playne as wyse as a woodcock  
**Louer loued.** And me thynde this woodcock is tornyd on thy syde  
Contrary to curty and reason to vse  
Thus rudely to rayle or any wode he cryed  
In profe of thy parte, wherby I do refuse  
To answe the same, thou canst not excuse  
Thy foly in this, but if thou wylt say ought  
Assay to say better for this seyng is noughe  
**No louer nor loued.** well syns it is so that ye be dyscontent  
To be called sole or further matter be spent  
wyll ye gyue me leaue to call ye sole alone  
when your selfe perceyuethe that I haue proued you one.

**Louer loued.** ye by my soule and wyll take it in good worshipe  
**No louer nor loued.** Nowe by my fathers soule then wyll we eyn forth  
That parte rehersed of your seyng or this  
Of all our debate the onely cause is  
For where ye afore haue fastly affirmed  
That such as be louers agayne beloued  
Stande in most pleasure that to man may moue  
That tale to be false truthe shal truely proue  
what folke aboue thole lyue more plesauntly  
What folke mary eyn such folke as am I  
**Louer loued.** Beynge no louer what man may ye be  
**No louer nor loued.** No louer no by god I warrant ye  
I am no louer in such maner ment  
As doth appere in this purpose present  
For as touchyng women go where I shall  
I am at one poynct with women all.  
The smothest the shynkest the smallest  
The trewest / the trymest / the tallest /  
The wyllest / the wyllest / the wyldest /  
The morrest / the manerlyest / the myldest /  
The strangest / the straughtest / the strongest /  
The lustyest / the leſt / or the longest /  
The rashest / the ruddyest / the roundest /  
The sageſt / the ſatowest / the ſoundeſt /  
The coyest / the curteſt / the coldeſt /  
The byſteſt / the bygheſt / the boldeſt /  
The thankfulleſt / the thynneſt / the thyckeſt /  
The ſayntheſt / the ſeweſt / the lyckeſt /  
Take theſe with all the reſte and of everychone

B.ii. So gol

Louer loued. So god be my helpe I loue never one.  
Then I beseche the this one thynge tell me  
Hewe many women thynkest thou doth loue the  
Syr as I be saued by ought I can proue  
I am beloued euyn lyke as I loue

No louer no; loued. Then as appereth by those wordes rehersed  
Thou art nother louer no; beloued

No louer no; loued. Nother louer no; beloued that is euen true  
Suns that is true I merueyll what can ensue  
For profe of thy parte in that thou madest auant  
Of both our estates to proue thyne most plesaunt

No louer no; loued. My parte so; most plesaunt may sone be gest  
By my contynuall quyetyd rest

Louer loued. Beyng no louer who may quyvet be?  
No louer no; loued. Nay beyng a louer what man is he  
That is quyvet

Louer loued. Mary I  
No louer no; loued. Mary ye lye

Louer loued. what pacdens my frende ye are to hasty  
If ye wyll paciently marke what I shall say  
your selfe shall percevme in quyvet alway

No louer no; loued. Nay what thou wyll and I therin protest  
To beleue no worde thou sayst most no; lest

Louer loued. Than we twayne shall talke both in dayne I see  
Except our mater awarde may be  
By iudgement of some indifferent heret

No louer no; loued. Mary go thou and be an inquerer  
And if thou canst byng one any thyng lyckly  
He shalbe admytted so; my parte quyckly

Louer loued. Howe by the good god I graunt to agree  
For be thou allewed it scorneth me  
That thou shuldest compare in pleasure to be  
Lyke me, and surely I promple the  
One way o; other I wyll synde redres

No louer no; loued. Synde the best and next way thy wyt can ges  
And except your nobis so; malous do nede ye  
Make b;ese returme a felshypp spedie ye.

The louer loued goth out.

No louer no; loued. My merueyll is no more then my care is small  
What knaue this foole shall byng beyng not perciall  
And yet be he false and a folyshe knaue to  
So that it be not to much a do  
To byng a daw to here and speke ryght  
I forse so; no man the worsh of a myte  
And suns my doubt is so small in good spedie

what





what shulde my studye be more then my nedē  
Tyll tyme I perceue this woodcock commyng  
My parte hereof shulde pas enyn in mummyng  
Sauyng for pastyme syns I consyder  
He beyng a louer and all his mater  
To depende on loue and contrary I  
No louer, by which all such standyng by  
Is fauour my parte, may feare me to weyke  
Agaynst the louyng of this louer to speyke  
I shall for your confort declare luche a stoy  
Is shall perfectly plant in your memory  
That I haue knowledge in louers laws  
Is depe as some dosyn of those dotyng daws  
which tolde all ye whote fansyes lyck nere me  
Shall knowe it causeles in this case to feare me  
For though as I shewe I am no louer now  
No; never haue ben yet shall I shewe yow  
How that I ones chaunced to take in hande  
To fayne my selfe a louer ye shall vnderstande  
Cowarde such a swetyng as by swete sent sauour  
I knowe not the lyke in fashyon and fauour  
And to begyn  
At settyng in  
Fyrst was her skyn  
whyt smoth & thyn  
And euery dayne  
So blewe sene playne  
Her golden heare  
To see her weare  
Her weryng gete  
Alas I fere  
To tell all to you  
I shall vndo you  
Her eye so collyng  
Ech hart contollyng  
Her nose not long  
No; stode not wrong  
Her synger typp  
So clene she clippes  
Her rosy lyps  
Her chekes gossypes  
So fayne so ruddy  
It axeth studdy  
The hole to tell  
It dyd excell  
It was so made

B. iii. That

That eyn the shade yond i  
At every glade  
wolde hartes imade  
The paps so smally  
And rounde with all  
The wass not myckyll  
But it was tyckill  
The thygh the knyf the mod  
As they sholde be of schryf  
But such a leg  
A loun wolde beg  
To set eye on  
But it is gon  
Then syght of the fote  
Byst hares to the rote  
And last of all sent batheryns whelle  
was never so round, as was her hele  
Alabot her harte and who coulde wynne it  
As for her hele no holde in it  
yet ouer that her beautye was so muche  
In pleasant qualytes her graces were such  
For dalyaunt pastaunce pas where she sholde  
No greater dyfference betwene lede and golde  
Then betwene the rest and her, and such a wyt  
That no wyght I wene myght matche her in it  
If she had not wyt to set wyle men to scole  
Then shall my tale p;oue me a starke sole  
But in this matter to make you mete to ges  
ye shall vnderstand that I with this maystres  
Syll late acquaynted and for loue no whyt  
But for my pleasure to approue my whyt  
Howe I coulde loue to this trycker dyssymble  
who in dyssymbyng was perfyt and nymble  
For where or whan he lyst to gyue a mock  
She coulde and wold do it beyonde the nock  
wherin I thought that if I trysed her  
I shulde therby lyke my whyt the better  
And if she chaunsed to trypp or tryse me  
It sholde to learne whyt a good lesson be  
Thus for my past tym I dyd determinyn  
To mock or be mockt of this mockeryng vermyng  
For which her presens I dyd fyrist obtayne  
And that obtayned forthwith fell we twayne  
In great acquayntance and made as good chere  
As we had ben acquaynted twenty yere  
And I throught sayre flatteryng behauour

Semyd





Semed anone so depe in her fauour  
That though the tyme then so farre passed was  
That tyme reuyred vs alonder to pas  
yet could I no pasport get of my swettyng  
Tyll I was full woed so; the next dayes metyng  
For lewrauns wherof I muste as she bad  
Spreue her in gage best iuell I there had  
And after mych myrth as our wyttes coulde deuyse  
we parted and I the nexte moyme dyd arysse  
In tyme not to tymely suche tyme as I coulde  
I alowe no loue where slepe is not alowde  
I was o; I entred this iorney bawd  
Deckt very clenyly but not very prouyd  
But trym must I be, for slowenly lopers  
Haue ye wot well no place amondge louers  
But I thus deckt at ali poynetes poynit deuyce  
At doze were this trull was I was at a tryce  
wherat I knocked her presens to wyn  
wherwith it was opened and I was let yn  
And at my fyste commynyng my mynyon semed  
Very mery, but anone she myndemed  
That I was not meryly dysposed  
And so myght she chynke, for I disclosed  
No worde nor loke, but such as shewed as sadly  
As I in dede inwardly thought madly  
And so must I shewe for louers be in rate  
Somtymes mery but most tymes passyonate  
In geuyng thankes to her of ouer nyght  
we set vs downe an heuy couple in syght  
And therwithall I set a sygh such one  
As made the forme shake which we both sat on  
Wherupon she without more wordes spoken  
Fell in wepyng as her harte shulde haue broken  
And I in secret laughyng so hartely  
That from myne eyes cam water plenteously  
Anone I turned with loke sadly that she  
My wepyng as watery as hers myght se  
which done these wordes anone to me she spake  
Alas dere harte what wyght myght undertake  
To shewe one so sad as you this morwyng  
Beyng so mery as you last euening  
I so farre then the meryer for you  
And without desert thus farre the sadder now.  
The selfe thyng quoth I which made me then gladd  
The selfe same is thyng that maketh me nowe sadde  
The loue that I owe you is ougynale.

Grounde

Grounde of my late ioy and present payne all  
And by this meane, loue is euermore lad  
Betwene two angels one good and one bad  
Hope and drede which two be alway at stryfe  
which one of them both with loue shall rewle most ryfe  
And hope that good angell fyfth parte of last nyght  
Drede drede that bad angell out of place quyght  
Hope sware I sholde streyght haue your loue at ones  
And drede this bad angell sware bloud and bones  
That if I wan your loue all in one howre  
I sholde lose it all agayne in thre or fowre  
wherin this good angell hath lost the mastery  
And I by this bad angell won this agony  
And be ye lewer I stande nowe in such case  
That if I lacke your contynued grace  
In hewyn/hell/or perth / there is not that he  
Haue onely god that knoweth what shall come on me  
I loue not in rate all the common flock  
I am no sayner nor I can not mock  
Wherfore I beseche you that your rewarde  
May wytnesse that ye do my truthe regarde  
Syr as touchyng mockyng quoth she I am lewer  
ye be to wyse to put that here in vze  
For nother gyue I cause why ye so shulde do  
Nor nougnt coulde ye wypnne that way wyrth an old sho  
For who so that mocketh shall surely stir  
This olde prouerbe mockum moccabitur  
But as soz you I thynke my selfe asswyzed  
That very loue hath you hyther alewred  
For which quoth she let hope hop vp agayne  
And baynquylsh dzed so that it be in bayne  
To dzed or to doubt but I in euery thyng  
As cause gpyueth cause wylbe your owne derlyng  
Swete harte quoth I after stormy colde smertes  
warm wordes i warm louers byng louers warm hartes  
And so haue your wordes warmed my harte eyn nowe  
That dzedles and doubtles now must I loue you  
Anone there was I loue you and I loue you  
Louely we louers loue eche other  
I loue you and I for loue loue you  
My louely louyng loued brother  
Loue me , loue the , loue we , loue he , loue she ,  
Depper loue apparent in no twayne can be  
Muyte ouer the eares in loue and felt no ground  
Had not swymmyng holpe in loue I had byn dround  
But I swam by the shoz the baughtage to kepe

To mock





To mock her in loue seynynge to swym more depe  
Thus contynued we day by day  
Tyll tyme that a moneth was passed away  
In all the which tyme liche awaft she toke  
That by no meane I myght ones set one loke  
Upon any woman in company  
But streyght way she set the synger in the eye  
And by that same aptnes iuelously  
I thought leuer she loued me perfectly  
And I to shewe my selfe in lyke louyng  
Dysimplied lyke chere in all her lyke lokyng  
By this and other lyke thynge then in hande  
I gaue her mockes me thought aboue a thousand  
Wherby I thought her owne tale lyke a bur  
Strack to her owne back mockum moccabitus  
And vpon this I fell in deyslyng  
To brynge to ende this ydell dysgyslyng  
Wherupon sodaynly I stale away  
And when I had ben absent halfe a day  
My harte mysgaue me by god that bought me  
That if she mysl me where I thought she sought me  
She leuer wolde be madde by loue that she ought me  
Wherin not loue, but pety so wrought me  
That to returne anone I bethought me  
And so returned tyll chaunce had brought me  
To her chamber doore and hard I knocked  
Knock softe quoth one who the same vnlocked  
An aunçyent wyse woman who was neuer  
From this sayd swetyng but about her euer  
Mother quoth I howe doth my dere darlyng  
Dede wretch cryed she ryn by thyne absentyng  
And without mo wordes the doore to her she shyt  
I standyng without halfe out of my wyt  
In that this woman shoude dye in my faute  
But syns I coulde in there by none assawte  
To her chamber wyndowre I gat about  
To see at the leſt way the cors layd out  
And there lokyng in by godes blessed mother  
I sawe her naked a bed with an other  
And with her bedfelowe laught me to scorne  
As mervyl as euer she laught besorne  
The whiche when I saw, and then rememb ryd  
The terrible wordes that mother B rendryd  
And also bethought me of euery thynge  
Shewed in this woman true loue betokenyng  
My selfe to see serued thus prately

C.1. To my

To my selfe I laughed eyn hattely  
With my selfe consydering to haue had lyke spede  
If my selfe had ben a louer in dede.  
But nowe to make som matter wherby  
I may take my leue of my loue honestly  
Swete hart quoth I ye take to much vpon ye  
No more then becomes me knowe thou well quoth she  
But thou hast takyn to much vpon the  
In takyng that thou toke in hande to mock me  
wherin from begynnyng I haue sene the ict  
Lyke as a foole myght haue iettyd in a net  
Deleuyng hymselfe saue of hym selfe onely  
To be perceyued of no lyuyng body  
But well saw I thyne entent at begynnyng  
was to bestow a mock on me at endyng  
when thou laughest dysymulyng a wepyng hart  
Then I with wepyng eyes played eyn the lyke part  
wherwith I brought in moccum moccabitur  
And yet thou beyng a long snowted cur  
Coulde no whyt smell that all my meanyng was  
To gyue mock for mock as now is come to pas  
which now thus passed if thy whyt be handsome  
May defende the from mockes in tyme to come  
By clapping fast to thy snowl every day  
Moccum moccabitur for a nosegay  
Wherwith shewart vp and shyt her wyndowe to  
which done I had no more to say no; do  
But thynke my selfe or any man elles a foole  
In mokches or wyles to set women to scoole  
But howe to purpose wherfore I began  
All though I were made a sole by this woman  
Concernyng mockyng yet doth this tale approue  
That I am well sene in the arte of loue  
I entending no loue but to mock  
And yet coulde no louer of all the hole flock  
Circumstance of loue disclose more nor better  
Therebyd I the substance beyng no greater  
And by this tale aforwyrk all may see  
All though a louer as well loued be  
His loue can deuyse hym for pleasant spede  
enoyt two dyfleasures telously and drede  
Is myr with loue whereby loue is a dynk mete  
To gyue babes for wormes for it dynketh bytter swete  
And as for this babe our louet in whose hed  
By a knyghte worme his opinion is bred  
After one draught of this medlyn mynstryd

In to





In to his brayne by my brayne apoyntyd  
Reason shall so temper his opinion  
That he shall see it not worth an onyon  
And if he haue any other thyng to ley  
I haue to conuynde hym euery way  
And syns my parte nowe doth thus well appere  
Be ye my parteners now all of good chere  
But sylence every man vpon a payne  
For mayster woodcock is nowe come agayne.

The louer loued entreth.  
**Louer loued.** The olde seyng seyng he that seketh shall fynde  
which after long sekynge true haue I founde  
But for such a syndyng my selfe to bynde  
To such a sekynge as I was now bounde  
I wolde rather leke to lesse twenty punde  
Howe be it I haue sought so farre to my Payne  
That at the last I haue founde and brought twayne  
The louer not loued, and loued  
not louyng entreth.

No louer nor loued. Come they a horse backe?  
**Louer loued.** Nay they come a foten moche  
which thou myght see here; but for this great myst  
No louer nor loued. By myns and yet see I thow blynde valde cote  
That one of those twayne myght ryde if he lyf  
Louer loued. Now rymeth a ryghte wryte  
No louer nor loued. Mary for he ledyth a nag on his his systre  
Maystres ye are welcome, and welcome ye be  
Loued not louyng. Nay welcome be ye, for we were here before ye  
No louer nor loued. ye haue ben here before me before now  
And nowe I am here before you  
And nowe I am here behynde ye  
And nowe ye be here behynde me  
And nowe we be here eyn bothe to gether  
And nowe we be welcome eyn bothe hyther  
Sous nowe ye fynde me here with curtys I may  
Byd you welcome hyther as I may say  
But settynge this asyde, let vs set a broche  
The mater wherfore ye hyther approche  
Wherin I haue hope that ye bothe wyll be  
Good vnto me, and especyally ye

**Louer not loued.** For I haue a mynde that every good face  
Hath euer some pyte of a pore mans case  
Beyng as myne is a mater so ryght  
That a sole may iudge it ryght at fyf syght

Sy, ye may well doubt howe my wyt wyll serue  
But my wyll from ryght shall never swerve.

Loued not louyng. For myne, and as ye lew for helpe to me  
No louer nor loued. Lyke lewt haue I to lewe for helpe to ye  
Loued not louyng. For as much nedē haue I of helpe as yow  
I thynke well that deere hart but tell me how  
The case is this, ye twayn seme in pleasure  
And we twayn in Payne which Payne doth procure  
By compacyson betwene hym and me  
As great a conflyct whiche of vs twayn be  
In greatest Payne, as is betwene ye twayne  
Whiche of you twayne in most pleasure doth remayne  
Wherin we somewhat haue here debated  
And both to tell trouth so gredyly grated  
Upon affection eche to our owne syde  
That in conclusion we must nedē prouyde  
Some such as wolde and coulde be indyffereut  
And we both to stande vnto that iudgement  
Wherupon for lacke of a iudge in this place  
We sought many places and yet in this case  
No man coulde we mete that medyll wyll oþ can  
Tyll tyme that we met with this gentylman  
Whome in lyke errand for lyke lacke of ayd  
Was dynuen to desyre our iudgement he sayd  
Forsooth it is I promysyng playne  
They twayn between vs twayn geuyng iudgement playne  
We twayn between them twayn shuld iudge ryght agayne  
That promysse to performe I not dysdayne  
For touchyng ryght as I am a ryghteous man  
I wyll gyue you as muche ryght as I can  
Nothing but ryght desyre I you among  
I willyngly wyll nother gyue nor take wonge  
Nay in my consciens I thynke by this boke  
Your consciens wyll take nothyng that cometh a croke  
For as in consciens what euer ye do  
Ye nothyng do but as ye wolde be done to  
O hope of good ende, o Mary mother  
Maystres one of vs may nowe helpe a nother  
But sy, I pray you some mater declare  
Wherby I may knoewe in what grefe ye arre  
I am a louer not loued whiche Payne  
Is dayly not dolefull but my dedly Payne  
A louer not loued haue ye knyt that knot  
ye forsooth  
Forsyth ye be the more sot  
Nowe maystres I hartely besech ye  
Tell me what maner case your case may be  
I am beloued not louyng wherby  
I am not in Payne but in tormentry





No louer nor loued.      Is this your tormentour god turne hym to good  
Loued not louyng.      May there is another man one me as wood  
No louer nor loued.      As this man on a nother woman is  
                              ye thynke them both mad and so do I by iys  
                              So mot I thyue but who that lyst to marke  
                              shall perceyue here a p[ro]aty peyce of warke  
                              Let vs fall somewhat in these partes to skanyng  
                              Louyng not loued, loued not louyng  
                              Loued and louyng, not louyng nor loued  
                              Wyll ye see these fourre partes well ioyned  
                              Louyng not loued, and loued not louyng  
                              Those partes can ioyne in no maner rekenyng  
                              Louyng and loued, loued nor louer  
                              These partes in ioyning in lykewylde dyffter  
                              But in that ye loue ye twayne ioyned be  
                              And beyng not loued ye ioyne with me  
                              And beyng no louer with me ioyneth she  
                              And beyng beloued with her ioyne ye  
                              Had I a ioyner with me ioyned ioyntly  
                              we ioyners shulde ioyne ioynt to ioynt quicly  
                              For syrl I wolde parte these partes in fleses  
                              And ones departed these parted peses  
                              Parte and parte with parte I wolde so partlyke parte  
                              That eche parte shulde parte with quyet harte

Louer not loued.      So syns it passeth your power that part to play  
                              Let passe, and let vs partly nowe assay  
                              To bryng some parte of that purpose to ende  
                              For which all partyes yet in bayne attende

Loued not louyng.      I do desyre the same and that we twayne  
                              May syrl be harde that I may knowe my payne

Louer loued.      I graunt so my parte by fayth of my body  
                              why where the deuyll is this hozeson nody

No louer nor loued.      I never sylt in iustyce but euer more  
                              I buse to be shryuen a lyttell before  
                              And nowe syns that my confessyon is done  
                              I wyll depart and come take penaunce sone  
                              When coscyns pycketh conscyns must be sercht by god  
                              In dyscharyng of conscyns or els gods forbod  
                              whiche maketh me mete when conscynes must come in place  
                              To be a iudge in every comen case  
                              But who may lyke me his auaunlement auaunt  
                              Nowe am I a iudge and never was seraunt  
                              whiche ye regarde not much by ought that I see  
                              By any reuerence that ye do to me  
                              Nay yet I prayse women when great men go by  
                              They crowch to the grounde luke here how they ly

They shall haue a beck by saynt Anthony  
But alas good maystres I crye you mercy  
That you are vnanswered but ye may see  
Though two tales at ones by two eares hard may be  
yet can not one mouth two tales at ones answer  
which maketh you tary but in your mater  
Syns ye by hast in hauyng ferdest home  
wolde fyſt be sped of that for which ye come  
I graunt as he graunted your wyll to fulfyll  
you twayne to be harde fyſt, begyn when you wyl

Louer not loued.

As these twayne vs tweyn nowe graunt fyſt to breke  
Syns twayn to be harde, at ones can not speke  
I now desyre your graunt, that I may open  
fyſt tale which nowe is at poynt to be spoken  
which I craue no whyt my parte to auaunce  
But with the pyth to auoyde circumstaunce

Speke what and whan so euer it please you  
Tyll reason wyll me, I wyll not dysease you

Sygs other here is a very weyke brayne  
Or he hath if any a very weyke Payne  
For I put case that my loue I her gaue  
And that for my loue, her loue I dyd craue  
For which though I dayly lewday by day  
what losse or Payne to her if she say nay

yes by saynt Mary so the case may stande  
That some woman had leuer take in hande  
To ryde on your errand on hundreth myle  
Then to say nay one Pater noster whyle

If ye on her parte any Payne defyne  
which is the more paynelle her Payne or myne  
your Payne is most if she say nay and take it

But if that she say nay and forslake it  
Then is her Payne a great way the greater

Sy; ye alledge this nay in this mater  
As though my denyal my lewter to loue  
where all or the most Payne that to me doth moue  
wherin the treuth is a contrary playne  
For though to ofte spekyng one thyng be a Payne  
yet is that one worde the full of my hopyng  
To byng his hopyng to dyspayre at endyng  
Thus is this nay which ye take my most grefe  
Though it be paynelle yet my most relefe  
But my most Payne is all an other thyng  
which though ye forget or hyde by dysmylyng  
I partly shewed you, but all I coulde nor can  
But maysters to you with Payne of this man

That

Loued not louyng.

Louer not loued.

No louer nor loued.

Louer not loued.

No louer nor loued.

Loued not louyng.





That Payne that I compare is partly this  
I am loued of one whome the treuch is  
I can not loue, and so it is with me  
That from hym in maner I never can flic  
And every one wodde in lewt of his parte  
Hyp斯 through myne eates and rons through my harte  
His gasfull loke so pale that breneth I  
Dare for myne eates cast towards hym an eye  
And whan I do that eye my thought presentyth  
Streyght to my harte and thus my Payne augmentyth  
One tale so ofte alas and so impotune  
His exclamacions somtyme on fortune  
Somtyme on hym selfe some tyme vpon me  
And so that thyng that if my deth sholde be  
Brought streyght in place except I were content  
To graunt the same, yet could I not assent  
And he seyng this yet sealyth not to craue  
what deth could be worse then this lyfe that I haue

Louer not loued.

This tale to purpose purpozeth no more  
But syght and hearyng complaynt of his sorow  
Is onely the grefe that ye do sulleyne  
Alas tender hart syns ye dye in payne  
This payne to perceyue by syght and hearyng  
Howe could ye lyne to knowe our Payne by felyng  
Marke well this question and answere as ye can lass  
A man that is hanged or that mans hangman  
which man of those twayne suffereth most paynes

Loued not louyng.

He that is hanged

No louer nor loued.

By the masse it is so playne

Louer not loued.

Well sayd for me, for I am the sufferer

And ye the hangman understande as it were

These cases vary in no maner a thyng

Hauyng this seruex in this mannes hangyng

Comeylly is done agaynst the hangmans wyll

And ye be delyghtfull wyll your louer kyll

Loued not louyng.

Of delyghtfull wyll, nay that is not so

As ye shall perfectly perceyue or we go

Out of those at whose hangyng haue hangmen by

Howe many haue ye knownen hang wyllyngly

No louer nor loued.

Nay never one in his lyfe by plady

Loued not louyng.

In this is your case from our case doth vary

For ye that loue where loue wyll take no place

And your owne wyll is your owne ledet a playne case

And not only uncompled without aledye

But sore agaynst her wyll your swynges endiewyn

Howe syns your wyll to loue did you procure

And

And with that wyll, ye put that loue in bye  
And nowe that wyll, by wyt seth loue such Payne  
As wyty wyll wolde wyll loue to refrayne  
And ye by wyll that loue in eche condicton  
To extynct, may be your owne phesicion  
Except ye be a foole or wolde make me onc  
what seyng cowd set a good ground to syp on  
To make any man thynke your Payne thus strong  
Makyng your owne salue your owne sore thus long

Louer not louyd.

Maystres much parte of this proces purposed  
Is matter of truch truely dysclosed  
My wyll without her wyll brought me in loue  
which wyll without her wyll doth make me houe  
Upon her grace to see what grace wyll proue  
But where ye say my wyll may me remoue  
As wel from her loue, as wyll brought me to it  
That is false my wyll can not wyll to do it  
My wyl as farre therin out weyth my power  
As a sow of led out weyth a saffron floore

Loued not louyng.

your wyl out weyth your power the where is your wyt

I merueyll that euer ye wyll speke it  
Nay merueyll ye maystres therat no whyt  
For as farre as this poynt may stretch in verdyt  
I am clerely of this mans opinion

No louer no; loued.

And I contrary with this mynion  
Then be we come to a demurrer in lawe  
Then be ye come from a woodcock to a daw  
And by god it is no small connyng brother  
For me to turne one wyld foole to a nother

Louer loued.

Nay maystres I hartely pray you both  
Banythe contencyon tyll ye see howe this goth

No louer no; loued.

I wyll repet and answere her tale forthwith  
The pyth for your part wherof pretendyth

Louer not loued.

A profe for your Payne to be more then myne  
In that my wyll not onely dyd me enclyne

To the same, but in the same by the same wyll  
I wyllyngly wyll to contynue stylle

And as wyll brought me and kepereth in this bry  
when I wyll ye say, wyll wyll bryng me awy

Concludyng therby that if my Payne were  
As great as yours that I sholde surely here

As great and good wyll to flee my loue thus ment  
As do ye your lewters presens to absent

Loued not louyng.

This tale sheweth my tale perseuyed every dell

Louer not loued.

Then for ente to answere it as well

Answeire this put case ye as depeley nowe.

Dy





Dyd loue your louer as he doth loue yow  
Shulde not that louyng suppose ye redres  
That Payne whiche lack of louyng doth posse  
yes

Loued not louyng.

Louer not loued,

Loued not louyng.

Louer not loued.

Loued not louyng.

Louer not loued.

Syns loue gyuyn to hym gyueth your selfe ease, than  
Except ye loue Payne, why loue ye not this man

Loue hym nay as I sayd must I streyght chose  
To loue hym or els my hed here to lose

I knowe well I coulde not my lyfe to saue  
With louyng wyll grauns hym my loue to haue

I thynke ye speke truely for wyll wyll not be  
Forced in loue wherfore the same to ye

Syns this is to you such dysyculte  
why not a thyng as dysycult to me

To wyll the let of loue where wyll my loue hath set  
As you to wyll to set loue where wyll is your let

well sayd and put case it as harde nowe be

for you to wyll to leue her, as for me

To loue hym, yet haue ye aboue me a meane  
To learne you at length to wyll to leue loue cleane

whitch meane many thousandes of louers hath brought  
From ryght feruent louyng to loue ryght nought

whitch long and oft approued meane is absens

wherto when ye wyll ye may haue lycens

whiche I craue and wylshe and can not obtaine  
for he wyll neuer my presens refrayne

This is a medsyn lyke as ye wolde wyll me

for thyng to kewe me the thyng that wolde kyll me

for presens of her, though I selde whan may haue

Is soole t he medsyn that my lyfe doth saue

Her absens can I with as yll wyll wyll

As I can wyll to leue to loue her styl

Thus is this wyll brought in insydently

No ayde in your purpose worth tayle of a fly

And as concerningy our pryncypall mater

All that ye lay may be layd eynyn a water

I wonder that shame suffereth you to compare  
With my Payne, syns ye are dryuen to declare

That all your Payne is but lyght and hearyng

Of hym that as I do dyeth in Payne felyng

O Payne upon Payne what paynes I sustayne

No crafte of the devyll can expresse all my Payne

In this body no hym/lynt/senor/noz beyne/

But marrereth eche other, and this brayne

Cheste enmy of all by the inuentyng

Myne vnsauety servis to her dyscontentyng

D. i. My

My speakeyng, my hearyng, my lokyng, my thynkyng

In sytting, in standyng, in wakyng, or wypnkyng,  
what euer I do, or where euer I go

My brayne and myshap in all these do me wo

As for my senses eche one of all fyue

wondreth as it can to fele it selfe a lyue

And than hath loue gotten all in one bed

Hym selfe and his seruautes to lodge in this hed

Wayne hope, dyspayre, dyede, and audacite,

Mast, wast, lust without lykyng or lybette

Dylgence, humlyte, trust, and ielously,

Delyre, pacyent sufferaunce, and constansy,

These with other in this hed lyke swarmes of bees

Styng in debatyng they; contrarieetees

The venym wherof from this hed dystilleth

Downe to this brest and this hart it kylleth

All tymes in all places of this body

By this dystemperaunce thus dystempozed am I

Sheueryng in colde and yet in hete I dye

Drowned in moysture parched perchment drie

No louer nor loued.

Colde hote molte drie all in all places at ones

Mary syz this is an agew for the nones

But or we gyue iudgement I must serch to vew

whether this eydencis be false or trew

Nay stande stylly your part shall proue neuer the warrs

To by saynt sauour here is a whot ars

Let me fele your nose, nay fere not man be bolde

well though this ars be warme and this nose colde

and yet these swayne by attorney brought in one place

Are as he seyth colde and whot both in lyke case

O what Payne brought is see holw his dyp lyps

Smake for more moyster of his warme moyst lyps

Breath out these eyes are dull but this nose is quycer

Here is most moyster, your breath smellethe of lycker

Loued not louyng.

Well syns ye haue opened in this tale tellyng

The full of your Payne for sped to endyng

I shall in fewe wordes such one question dysclose

Is if your answeare gyue cause to suppose

The hole of the same to be answered at full

we nede no iudgement for yelde my selfe I wull

Put case this man loued a woman such one

who were in his lykyng the thyng alone

And that his loue to her were not so myckyll

But her fancy towarde hym were as lyttyll

And that she hyd her selfe so day and nyght

That felde tyme whan he myght come in her syght





And then put case that one to you loue dyd bere  
A woman that other so vgly were  
That eche kys of her mouth called you to gybbes fest  
Or that your fancy abhorred her so at lest  
That her presens were as swete to suppose  
As one shulde present

A to de to his nose  
ye in good fayth, wherto the case is this  
That her spytfull presens absent never is  
Of these two cases if chaunce shulde dryue you  
To chose one, which wolde ye chuse tell trouth now  
what ye study

Tary ye be to gredy  
Men be not lyke women alway redy

In good sooth to tell treuth of these cases twayne  
which case is the wurst is to me vncertayne

Fyfth case of these twayne I put for your parte  
And by the last case apereth myne owne smarte  
If they proced with this fyfth case of ours  
Then is our mater vndoubtedly yours  
And if iudgement passe with this last case in fyne  
Then is the mater asewredly myne  
Syns by these cases our partes so do semme  
That which is most paynfull your selfe can not deme.  
If ye nowe wyll all circumstaunce eschew  
Make this question in these cases our yslew  
And the Payne of these men to abeyuate  
Set all our other mater as frustrate

Louer not loued. Agreed.

Loued not louyng. Then further to abredge your Payne  
Syns this our yslew apereth thus playne  
As folke not doubtyng your consciens nor connyng  
we shall in the same let passe all resonynge  
yeldyng to your iudgement the hole of my parte

Louer not loued. And I lykewylse myne with wyll and good harte  
No louer nor loued So lo make you low curtsly to me now  
And streyght I wyll make as lowe curtsly to you  
Nay stande ye nere the vpper ende I pray ye  
For the neyther ende is good ynough for me  
your cases which enclude your grefe eche whyt  
Shall dwell in this hed

Louer loued. And in myne but yet  
Or that we herein our iudgement publysh  
I shall desyre you that we twayne may fynlysh  
As farre in our mater towarde iudgement  
As ye haue done in yours to the entent

D. ii. That

No louer nor loued  
Loued not louyng.  
Louer not loued.  
Louer loued.  
No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

That we our partes brought to gether thyther  
May come to iudgement fro thens to gythes  
By lady syz and I desye the same  
I wolde ye began  
Begyn then in goddes name  
Shall I begyn  
Hys I loke but for wynnyng  
gyue me the ende and take you the begynnyng  
Who shall wynne the ende, the ende at ende shall try  
For my parte wherof nowe thus begyn I  
I am as I sayd a beloued louer  
And he no louer nor beloued nother  
In which two casles he maketh his auaunt  
Of both our partes to prove his most pleasaunt  
But be ye assuered by ought I yet se  
In his estate no maner pleasure can be  
yes two maner pleasures ye must nedes confeſſ  
Fyrſt I haue the pleasure of quyetnes  
And the ſecounde is I am contented  
That ſecounde pleasure now ſecondly inuented  
To compare with pleasure by contentalſyon  
Is a very ſecounde ymagynalſyon  
Then ſhewe your wyt for profe of this in hande  
Howe may pleasure without contentacyon ſtande  
Pleasure without contentacyon can not be  
But contentacyon without pleasure we ſe  
In thynges innumerable euery day  
Of all which marke these which I ſhall nowe ley  
Put caſe that I for pleasure of ſome frende  
Or ſome thyng which I longed to ſe at ende  
wolde be content to ryde thre ſcore myle this nyght  
And neuer wolde bayte nor neuer alyght  
I myght be ryght well content to do this  
And yet in this doyng no pleasure there is  
Mozeouer ye by pacient ſufferaunce  
May be contented with any myſchaunce  
The losſe of your chylde frende or any thyng  
That in this worlde to you can be longyng  
wherin ye contented neuer ſo well  
yet is your contentacyon pleasure no dell

These two examples by ought that I ſe  
Be no thyng the thynges that any thyng touch me  
with deth of my chylde my beyng contented  
Or paine with my frende wyllingly alſented  
Is not contentacyon voluntary  
For that contentacyon cometh forſeably

But





Louer loued.

But my contentacion standeth in such thyng  
As I wolde syt wylshe if it went by wylhyng  
Syp be ye contented euен as ye tell  
yet your contentacyon can nother excell  
Nor be compared egall to myne estate  
For touchyng contentacyon I am in rate  
As hyely contented to loue as ye se  
As ye to sorbere loue can wylshe to be  
Had I no more to say in this argument  
But that I am as well as you content  
yet hath my parte nowe good approbacyon  
To match with yours euен by contentacyon  
But contentacion is not all the thyng  
That I for my loue haue in recompencyng  
Aboue contentacyon pleasures felyng  
Haue I so many, that no wylght lyuyng  
Can by any wyt or tonge the same reporte  
Of the pleasant pleasures in our resorte  
After my beyng from her any whyther  
what pleasures haue we in commyng to gyther  
Eche tap on the grounde toward me with her fote  
Doth bathe in delyght my very harte rote  
Every twynke of her aluryng eye  
Reuyueth my spirites euен thorowoutly  
Eche woode of her mouth not a p;eparatyue  
But the ryght medycyne of preseruatyue  
We be so ioconde and ioysfully ioyned  
Her loue for my loue so currantly coyned  
That all pleasures perthly the treuth to declare  
Are pleasures not able with ours to compare  
This mouth in maner receyuet no food  
Loue is the fedyng that doth this body good  
And this hed dyspyseth all these eyes wynkyng  
Longer then loue doth kepe this harte thynkyng  
To dreme on my spete harte, loue is my feader  
Loue is my lorde, and loue is my leader  
Of all myne affayres in thought, woyde, and dede,  
Loue is the Christs crosse that must be my spede

By this I perceyue wel ye make rekenyng  
That loue is a goodly and a good thyng

Loue good what yll in loue canst thou make apere  
yes I shal proue this loue at this tyme ment here  
In this mans case as yll as is the deuyll  
And in your case I shall proue loue more euyll  
what tormentry coulde all the deuylls in hell  
Deuyse to his Payne that he doth not tell

D.11. wha

No louer nor loued.

Louer loued.  
No louer nor loued.

what Payne bryngeth that body those deuyls in that hed  
which mynsters alway by loue are led  
He frylyth in fyre he drowmeth in drougth  
Eche parte of his body loue hath brought abought  
where eche to helpe other shulde be dysygnyt  
They marter eche other the man to torment  
Without styn of rage his paynes be so soze  
That no fende may torment man in hell more  
And as in your case to proue that loue is  
wurs than the deuyll my meanyng is this  
Loue dystempereth hym by torment in Payne  
And loue dystempereth you as farre in ioy playne  
your owne confession declareth that ye  
Cate, dynke, or slepe euyn as lytell as he  
And he that lacketh any one of those thre  
Be it by ioy or by Payne clere ye see  
Deth must be sequell howe euer it be  
And thus are ye both brought by loues inducyon  
By Payne or by ioy to lyke poynt of dystruccyon  
which poynt approueth loue in this case past  
Beyonde the deuyll in turmentry to haue a cast  
For I trowe ye fynde not that the deuyll can fynde  
To torment man in hell by any pleasaunt mynde  
wherby as I sayd I say of loue stylle  
Of the deuyll and loue, loue is the more yll  
And at begynnyng I may say to yow  
If god had sene as much as I say now  
Loue had ben Lucyfer and doubt ye no whyt  
But experyens nowe hath taught god such wyt  
That if ought come at Lucyfer other then good  
To whyp soules on the bzech loue shalbe the blood  
And sower he is one that can not lyue long  
For aged folke ye wot well can not be strong  
And an other thyng his phisick doth ges  
That he is infecte with the blak iawndes

No ferther then ye be infecte with folye  
For in all these wordes no worde can I espye  
Such as for your parte any prose auoucheth

For prose of my parte, no but it toucheth  
The dysprose of yours for where you alledged  
your parte aboue myne to be compared  
By pleasures in which your dyspleasures are such  
That ye eate, dynke, nor slepe, or at most not much  
In lache wherof my tale proueth playnly  
Eche parte of your pleasure a turmentry  
wherby your good loue I haue proued so euyll

That

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.





That loue is apparauntly wors then the deuyll  
And as touchyng my parte there can arysse  
No maner dyspleasures nor tormentryes  
In that I loue not, no; am not loued  
I moue no dyspleasures nor none to me moued  
But all dyspleasures of loue fro me absent  
By absens wheroft I quyetal content

Louer loued.

Syr where ye sayd and thynke ye haue sayd wel  
That my ioy by loue shall bryng deth in sequell  
In that by the same in maner I dyldayne  
Fode and slepe, this prouerbe answereth you playne  
Loke not on the meat, but loke on the man  
Nowe loke ye on me and say what ye can

No louer no; loued

May so; a tyme loue may pusse vp a thyng  
But lacking fode and slepe deth is the endyng  
Well sy; tyll such tyme as deth approue it  
This part of your tale may slepe every whyt  
And where ye by absent dyspleasure wolde  
Match with my present pleasure ye seme more bolde  
Then wylle, for those twayne be farre dysfferent sever

No louer no; loued.

Is not absens of dyspleasure a pleasure  
yes in lyke rate as a post is pleased  
which as by no meaner can be dysseased  
By dyspleasure present so is it trew  
That no pleasure present in it can ensew  
Pleasures or dyspleasures felyng sensibly  
A post ye knowe well can not sele possiblly  
And as a post in this case I take you  
Concernyng the effecte of pleasure in hande now  
For any felyng ye in pleasure indure  
More then ye say ye felte in dyspleasure

No louer no; loued.

Syr though the effecte of your pleasure present  
Be more pleasant then dyspleasure absent  
yet howe compare ye with myne absent payne  
By present dyspleasures in which ye remayne

Louer loued.

My present dyspleasures I knowe none such  
Knowe ye no payne by loue lytell no; much

No louer no; loued.

No Then shall I shewe such a thyng in this purs  
As shortly shall shewe herein your parte the wits  
Nowe I pray god the deuyll in hell blynde me  
By the masse I haue leste my boke behynde me  
I beseeche our lord I never go hens  
If I wolde not rather haue spent forty pens  
But syns it is thus I must go fetch it  
I wyl not tary, as sy; the deuyll stretch it

Fare.

Louer loued.  
No louer no; loued.  
Louer loued.  
Loued not louyng.  
Louer loued.

Farewell dawcock  
Farewell woodcock  
He is gone  
Gone ye but he wyll come agayne anone  
Nay this nyght he wyll no more dyslease you  
Gyue iudgement hardely euen whan it please you  
which done lyth he is gone my selfe streyght shall  
Ryghtously betwene you gyue iudgement fynall  
But lord what a face this foole hath set here  
Tyll shame defaced his folyshe clere  
That shame hath shamfullly in syght of you all  
with shame dyuen hym hens to his shamefull fall  
wherin all though I nought gayne by wynnyng  
That ought may augment my pleasure in louyng  
yet shall I wyn therby a pleasure to see  
That ye all shall see the mater pas with me  
what though the profyte may lyghtly be lodyn  
It grenaeth a man to be ouer trodyn  
Nay whan I saw that his wynnyng must growe  
By Payne pretending in my parte to shewe  
Then byst I well the nody must cum  
To do as he dyd or stande and play mum  
No man/no woman/no chylde in this place  
But I durst for iudgement trust in this case  
All doubt of my Payne by his profe by any meane  
His ronnyng away hath nowe scrapt out cleane  
Werfore gyue iudgement and I shall returne  
In place hereby where my dete hart doth sojurne  
And after salutacion betwene vs had  
Such as is mete to make louers hartes glade  
I shall to rejoyce her in mete tydylnges  
Declate the hole rable of this fooles lesynge

Here the byse cometh in ronyng sodenly aboute  
the place among the audyens with a brye co-  
pyn rank on his hed full of squybs fyred  
cryeng water/water/fyre fyre/fyre/wa-  
ter / water / fyre / till the fyre in the  
squiafs be spent.

Louer loued.  
No louer no; loued.  
Louer loued.  
No louer no; loued.

water and fyre  
Nay water for fyre I meane  
well thanked be god it is out nowe cleane  
Hewe cam it there  
Syr as I was goyng  
To set my boke for which was my departhyng  
There chaunced in my way a house hereby

To fyre





To fyre which is burned pyteously  
But meruelously the people do mone  
For a woman they say a goodly one  
A felonier whome in this house burned is  
And shouting of the people for helpe in this  
Made me turne thyther to haue done some good  
And at a wyndowe therof as I stood  
I thrust in my hed and eyn at a flush  
Fyre flasht in my face and so toke my bushy

Louer loued. what house?

No louer nor loued. A house paynted with red oder

Louer loued. The owner wherof they say is a broker

Then bryk hart alas why lyue I this day

No louer nor loued. My dene harte is dystroyd lyke and welth away  
what man sylt dolone and be of good chere  
Gods body mayster woodcock is gone clere  
O mayster woodcock say mot be fall ye  
Of ryght mayster woodcock I must nowe call ye  
Maystres stande you here afore and rubbe hym  
And I wyll stande here behynde and dubbe hym  
Say the chylde is a slepe ye nede not rock  
Mayster woodcock mayster wood wood woodcock  
where folke be fare within a man must knock  
Is not this a pang crow ye beyonde the nock  
Speke mayster woodcock, speke parot I pray ye  
My leman your lady ex wylle ye see  
My lady your leman one bntertakes

To be safe from fyre by slyppynge through a fakes

That wo:de I harde but yet I see her not

No more do I mayster woodcock our lo:de wot  
Unto that house where I dyd see her last  
I wyll seke to see her and if she be past  
So that to apeare there I can not make her  
Then wyll I burne after and ouertake her

No louer nor loued. The louer loued goeth out.

Well ye may burne to gyther for all this  
And do well ynough for ought that is yet amys  
For gods sake one come after and bast hym  
It were great pyte the fyre shulde wast hym  
For beynge fatte your knowledge must recorde  
A woodcock well rost is a dysche for a lo:de  
And for a woodcock ye all must nowe knowe hym  
By mater of recorde that so doth shewe hym  
And bryuely to bryng you all out of dowl  
All this haue I leyned to bryng abowt

E. i. Hym

Hym selfe to conuynce hym selfe euen by acte  
As he hath done here in doyng this facte  
He taketh more thought soz this one woman nowe  
Then coulde I for all in the wold I make auowe  
which hath so shamefully defaced his parte  
That to returne nother hath he face nor harte  
which sene, whyles he and she lese tyme in kyssyng  
Sye ye with me iudgement a godes blesyng

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued

Louer loued.

No louer nor loued.

The profe of my sayeng at my fyrt entre  
That wretch bryngeth nowe in place in that I leyde  
Dyslymbyng mans mynde by apparence, to be  
Thynge inconuenient, which thyng as I scyd  
Is proved nowe true, howe was I dysmeyd  
By his false facynge the deth of my darlyng  
whome I thanke god is in helth and eyleth nothyng

Sy; I beseche you of all your dysmayning  
what other cause can ye ley then your louyng

My louyng, nay all the cause was your lyeng  
what had my lye done if ye had not loued

what dyd my loue tyll your lye was moued  
By these two questions it semeth we may make  
your loue and my lye to parte evenly the stake  
Louyng and lyeng haue we brought nowe hyther  
Lovers and lyers to ley both to gyther  
But put case my lye of her deth were true  
what excuse soz your loue coulde then ensue

If fortune god sauе her dyd bryng her to it  
The faute were in fortune and in loue no whyt

The hole faute in fortune by my sheth well yt  
God sende your fortune better then your wyt  
well sy; at extremyte I can proue  
The faute in fortune as much as in loue

Then fortune in lyke case with loue nowe ioyne yow  
As I with louyng ioyned lyeng euen now  
And well they may ioyne all by ought that I se  
For eche of all thre I take lyke banpte  
But syns ye confesse that your part of such payne  
Cometh halfe by loue, and that it is certayne  
That certayne paynes to loued louers do moue  
In whiche the faute in nothyng sauе only loue  
As dyed and ielously eche of which with mo  
To your estate of loue is a dayly so  
And I clere out of loue declarynge such shew  
As in my case no payne to me can grow  
I say this consydred hath pyth suffycyent  
In profe of my parte to dryue you to iudgement

May





**Louer loued.** Nay syrl a fewe wordes, syr thdugh I confes  
That loue bryngeth some payne and your case paynes  
By meane of your contented quyernes  
Yet thactuall pleasures that I posses  
Are as farre aboue the case that ye proffes  
As is my payne in your ymagynacyon  
Under the pleasures of contentacyon  
Thus wade how ye wyl one way or oþer  
If ye wynne one way ye shall lese another  
But if ye intende for ende to be bþese  
Joine wþih me herein for indifferent prefe  
A tree ye knowe wel is a thinge that hath life  
And such a thinge as never seleth payne or strife  
But ever quiet and alway contented  
And as there can no way be inuenied  
To bringe a tree dyspleasure by felinge paine  
So no felinge pleasure in it can remayne  
A hors is a thinge that hath life also  
And he oy felinge felish both welth and wo  
By dryuinge or drawinge al day in the mier  
Many paynfull torneys hath he in hier  
But after al those he hath alway at night  
These pleasures folowing to his great delyghte  
Fyrst fayre washt at a riuere or a weare  
And straight bþought to a stabel warme and fayre  
Dry cubbyd and chased from hed to hele  
And coryd till he be slyke as an ele  
Then he is littid in maner nose hie  
And hey as much as wyl in his belte  
Then prouender hath he otes pese benes or brede  
Which feding infelinge as pleasant to his hede  
As to a covetous man to beholde  
Of his owne westminster hall full of golde  
After whiche feding he sleepeth in quiet rest  
Dewring such time as his meat may degest  
Al this consideryd a hors or a tree  
If ye must chuse the tone which woulde ye be  
**No louer nor loued.** When the hors must to labour by our lady  
I had leuer be a tree then a hors I.

**Louer loued.** But hore when he resteth and syleth his gorge  
**No louer nor loued.** Then wolde I be a hors and no tree by saint George  
**Louer loued.** But what if he must nedes stirre to the tone  
**No louer nor loued.** whiche were then best by the masse I can name none  
**Louer loued.** The first case is yours and the next is for me  
In case lyke a tree I may likyn ye  
For as a tree hath lyfe within feling

wherby it felich pleasing not displeasing  
And can not be but contented quiterly  
Euen the like case is yours now presently  
And as the hors felich paine and not the tree  
Lyke wylle I haue paine and no paine haue ye  
And as a hors aboue a tree felyth pleasure  
So felie I pleasure aboue you in rate sure  
And as the tre felich nother and the hors both  
Euen so pleasure and paine betwene vs twaine goeth  
Sins these two cases so indifferentlly fall  
That your selfe can iudge nother for perciall  
For indifferent ende I thinke this way best  
Of all our reasoning to debarre the rest  
And in these two cases this one question  
To be the issue that we shal soyn on

No louer nor loued.  
Louer loued.

Be it so

Nowe are these issues cowched so nic  
That both sides I trust shall take ende shortly

Louer not loued.

I hope and desire the same and syns we  
were fyft harde, we both humbly beseeche ye  
That we in like wise maye haue iudgement furst

Louer loued.

I graunt

By the masse and I come best of wurst  
Though nature force man syly to enclyne  
To his owne parte in ech particular thing!  
yet reason wolde man whan man shal determine  
Other mens partes by indifferent awarding  
Indifferent to be in al his reasoning  
Wherfore in this parte cut out of affection  
So that indifference be direccyon

No louer nor loued.

Contented with that and by ought I espy

we may in this mater take ende quickly  
Se can we theyz cases as she did apply them  
That we may perceiue what is ment by them  
He loueth vnloued a goodly one

She is loued not louinge of an vgly one  
Or in his eye his louer semeth goodly  
And in her eye her lover semeth as vgly  
Her most desyred angels face he can not see  
His most lothely hell houndes face she can not see  
He loueth, she abhorreth wherby presens is  
His life, her deth, wherby I say euē this  
He his feling paines in every degre  
As great and as many as he sayth they be  
yet in my iudgement by these cases hath she  
As great and as many feling paines as he

when





Louer loued. When mater at full is indifferently leyd  
As ye in this iugement haue leyd this nowe  
what reason the tyme by me shulde be dele yd  
pe haue spoken my thought wherfore to you  
In peyning your paines my consciens doth alow  
A knall counterpassa and thus your paynes be  
I judg'd by vs twaine one paine in degre  
Louer not loued. Well thinke your consciens dwieth you thus to judge  
I receiu' this iudgement without grefe or grudge  
Loved not louing. And I in like rate, yelding vnto you twaine  
Harty thankes for this your vndeservid paine  
Louer not loued. Nowe maisters may it please you to declare  
As touching their partes of what minde ye are  
Loned not louinge. With right good will sit, and sure I suppose  
Their partes in se we wordes mate come to pointe well,  
The two examples which he did disclose  
All errours or doubtes do cleary expell  
The estate of a tre his estate doth tell  
And of the bois his tale wel vnderstande  
Declareth as well his case nowe in hande

For as nothing can please or displease a tre  
By ani pleasure or displeasure feling  
Nor never bring a tre discontent to be  
So like case to him nor loued nor louing  
Love can no way bring pleasing or displeasing  
Like women, die women, slyce women, or swim,  
In all he content, boi al is dñe to him

And as a horse hath manys painefull sorrels  
A louer best loued hath paines in like wise  
As here hath aperted by sondry weys  
which he wech his case in worst part to rife  
But then as the horse feleth pleasure in sise  
At night in the stable aboue the tre  
So feleth he some pleasure as farre aboue ye

In some case he feleth much more pleasure then he  
And in some case he feleth eu'en as muchelesse  
Betwene the more and the lesse it semeth to me  
That betwene their pleasures no chiose is to gesse  
Wherfore I gue iudgement in thort processe  
Get the rone pleasure evin to the tother  
Womanly spoken maistres by the roodes mother

No louer nor loued.  
Louer not loued. Who heareth this tale wþt in different minde  
C. iii. Ind

And seeth of these twaine eche one so full bent  
To his owne parte that nother in harte can finde  
To chaunge pleasures with other must nedes assent  
That he in these wordes hath gyuen ryght iudgement  
In affirmation wherof I judge and awarde  
Both these pleasures of yours as one in regarde

Louer loued.      Wel syns I thinke ye both without corruption  
I shall moue no mater of interruption  
No louer nor loued.      Nor I but maysters though I say nougnt in this  
May I not thake my pleasure more than his  
Loued not louing.      Affection unbrydled may make vs al chynke  
That eche of vs hath done other wronge  
But where reason taketh place it can not sinke  
Syns cause to be percial here is none vs amonge  
That one hed that wolde thinke his owne wit so strong  
That on his judges he myght iudgement deuisse  
What iudge in so iudging coulde judge hym wylle  
Well myne estate ryght wel contenteth me  
No louer nor loued.      And I with myne as well content as ye

Louer not loued.      So shulde ye both like wise be contented  
Eche other to see content in such degree  
As on your partes our iugement hath awarded  
Your neyghbour in pleasure lyke your selfe to be  
Gladly to wilhe Christes precept doth bynde ye  
Thus contentacion shulde alway prefer  
One man to ioy the pleasure of an other

Louer loued.      True and contencion may be in like case  
All though no helch yet helpe and greate relefe  
In both your paynes for ye hauing such grace  
To be contented in sufferaunce of grefe  
Shall by contentacion auoide much myschife  
Such as the contray shal surely bring you  
Payne to paine as patueful as your paine is nowt

Thus not we fourre but al the world beside  
Knowledge them selfe or other in ioy or payne  
Hath nedes of contentacion for a gyde  
Hauninge ioy or payne content let vs remayne  
In ioy or payne of other see we disdaime  
We we content welth or woo, and eche for other  
Reioyle in the tone and pyte the other

Louer not loued.      Syns such contencion may hardly acorde

In such





In such kynde of loue as here hath ben ment  
Let vs seke the loue of that louyng lord  
who to suffer passion for loue was content  
wherby his louers that loue for loue assent  
Shall haue in fyne aboue contentacyon  
The felyng pleasure of eternall saluacyon

which lordes of lordes whose ioyfull and blessed byrth  
Is now remembred by tyme presenyng  
This accustomyd tyme of honest myrth  
That lord we beseeche in most humble meanyng  
That it may please hym by mercyfull hearyng  
The state of this audyens longe to endure  
In myrth, helth, and welth, to graunt his pleasure

A M C R.

Pynted by. W. Rastell  
M.cccc. xxxiiii.  
Cum priuilegio Regali.







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A play of love

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